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**Clark's
warbler**

Orphean

London

[18--]

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**Title : Clark's Orphean warbler : containing one hundred and nine
favourite songs, duets, and glees, so popular at the present
time, as sung at the theatres, public concerts, &c., in
London.**

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CLARK'S ORPHEAN WARBLER,

CONTAINING
ONE HUNDRED
AND NINE



FAVOURITE

SONGS.

Duets, and Glee, so popular at the present time, as Sung at the Theatres, Public Concerts, &c., in London.

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Part 1.—Price One Penny.

LONDON :

W. M. CLARK, 17, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and Printed at his Office, 10, Red Lion Court
and Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

KIND RELATIONS.

by Mrs. T. J. Eden.

Published by Duncombe, Holborn.

We all have our share of the ups and the downs,

Whatever our rank or station;

And he's sure to get the most snubs and frowns,

Who depends on his kind relations.

For its all very well once or twice to drop in,

To ask for a trifling favour,

But on the third time they are sure to begin

To construe it to bad behaviour.

There's your relations! kind relations!

There's your kind relations!

I speak from experience, and you'll find,

Though often they'll invite you,

When poverty comes close behind,

How quickly then they'll slight you.

For its—'Clear the way—there's a knock at the door;

Say we've gone out for a ride, John.

I know who it is—it's that hungry bore;—

Don't open the door too wide, John!

There's your relations, &c.

My goods were one day seized for rent—

The broker took his station;

Pale and trembling, off I went

To try each kind relation.

Some hemm'd, some ha'd, and some looked cool,

With faces of grief and sorrow;

My twin brother said he had made it a rule

Never to lend or to borrow.

There's your relations, &c.

I thought in my sister to find a friend,

But soon she undeceived me

By saying—'These are not times to lend;

I would, if I could, relieve thee.'

'A trifle, dear sister, would keep me afloat—

I shall sink, if you do not arrange it.'

She said she'd not less than a twenty pound note,

And she could 'nt find time to change it.

There's your relations, &c.

I lost my goods, but found that day,

(Though 'gainst me they had seem'd all)

Death summon'd a rich old friend away,

Who left me a tidy windfall.

And then how they altered from what they'd just said!

Their cant, it was really provoking;

To hear them exclaim, (as each hung down his head),

'Lord, Tom, we were only joking!'

There's your relations, &c.

Now, who in the world so blest as me,

With so many kind relations?

I'm asked to dinner, to supper, to tea,—

I've a hundred invitations!

But their crawling presents I daily return,
That kindness to the man who is poor;
For I hate those cold hearts that would
poverty spurn,

And give to those that don't want it.

There's your relations, &c.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Music by F. N. Cochrane. Sung
by Mrs. C. Ballinger in Nicholson's Tableaux
Vivans, Bow-street.

A truth my fabled story tells,

And shows, whilst careless time is rolling,

How oft, instead of marriage bells,

The knoll of death for Love is tolling.

'Tis said that Cupid's wayward dart,

When meant to strike the young with fire,

By some mistake oft stings the heart

With death, instead of Love's desire.

A truth my fabled story tells, &c.

Young Cupid in the eve of day,

With Death in concert took the road,

And journeyed on a dreary way,

Afar from light of man's abode.

The night came on, and, ere it pass'd,

The silver moon o'er them was weeping;

And demon Discord, on the blast,

Saw Love and Death together sleeping.

A truth my fabled story tells, &c.

Discord, the foe to joy of life,

Blew o'er the pair with simoom breath,

And, in that hurricane of strife,

He mixed the shafts of Love and Death.

So, when the boy would youth inspire

With passion gentle as the dove,

He kills; and Death's mistaken fire

Makes aged mortals fall in love.

A truth my fabled story tells, &c.

ELLEN BLIGH.

Words by Hawkins A. Dalton, Esq.

Music by Pigott.

On Dee's romantic banks there stood a humble cot.

Where maiden modesty had cast her peaceful lot;

In times long past away, delighted have I stray'd

Towards that rustic spot, embower'd 'mid greenwood shade,

She greeted me with smiles, and with that falt'ring tone,

Which modestly reveal'd the love she would not own;

The rose was on her cheek, the diamond in her eye;

Oh, none could ere compare with lovely Ellen Bligh!

On Dee's romantic banks,—it was a morn in May,—

The birds were chirping blythe, and hopped
from spray to spray;
The river stole along, and softly sighed the
breeze,
Which woo'd in gentleness the green leaves
on the trees:
When last I saw my Nell, and press'd her
to my breast,
With rapture listened then, as she her love
confess'd:

The rose was on her cheek, &c.
On Dee's romantic banks there is a lowly
mound,
O'er which the wild flow'rs creep in loveli-
ness around;
The setting sun that gilds the quiet rippling
wave,
Beams with a sacred light upon poor Ellen's
grave.
The cot's deserted now, and when the night
winds speak,
I often listen there, and feel my heart would
break.
No rose now on her cheek, no diamond in
her eye;
Oh, who could once compare with lovely
Ellen Bligh!

'TIS SAD TO LEAVE OUR FATHER LAND.

Written by Alfred Bunn, Esq. Composed by Mr.
W. Balfe. Published by Chappell & Co.

'Tis sad to leave our father land,
And friends we there lov'd well;
To wander on a stranger strand,
Where friends but seldom dwell.
Yet hard as are such ills to bear,
And deeply though they smart,
Their pangs are light to those who are
The orphans of the heart.

Oh! if there were one gentle eye,
To weep when I might grieve,
One bosom to receive the sigh
Which sorrow oft will heave;
One heart the ways of life to cheer,
Though rugged they might be,
No language can express how dear
That heart would be to me.

THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE IS LOVE.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
That fortune can never abate,
To wealth and to splendour, though often
denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to prevail.

CHORUS.

That blessing, ye powers, still be it my lot,
The choicest best gift from above;
Deep fix'd in my heart, shall ne'er be
forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.

What'er my condition, why should I repine,
By poverty never depress'd;
Exulting I feel what a treasure is mine,
A treasure enshrined in my breast.
That blessing, &c.

TELL ME, MARY, HOW TO WOO THEE!

Words by J. Morrison, Esq. Music by Hodson.
Sung at Nicholson's Tableaux Vivans.

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee!
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrows sweet unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel.

Tell me, Mary, &c.

No, when joy first brightened o'er us,
'Twas not joy illum'd her ray:
And when sorrow lies before us,
'Twill not chase her smiles away.

Tell me, Mary, &c.

Like the tree, no winds can sever
From the ivy round it cast;
Thus the heart that loved thee ever,
Loves thee, Mary, to the last.

ROSE OF CASHMERE.

By the flower of the valley,
All bending with dew,—
By the sweet water-lily
Of exquisite blue,—
By the bright sky above us,
All clondless and clear,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

Young Bella of Paradise,
Shadow of light,
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Blest being bright,
Oh, rest thee or roam,
Thou'lt ever be dear,
For I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

By thy glossy black hair,
And thy bright beaming eye,
By the bloom on thy cheeks,
Which the roses outvie,—
By the footstep of lightness
That mocks the wild deer.
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

TUBAL CAIN.

Words by C. Mackay. Composed, and Sung by
Henry Russell. Published in Davidson's Musical
Treasury.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might, in the
days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
the strokes of his hammer rang;
And he lifted high his brawny hand on the
iron, glowing clear,

Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet rout, as
he fashion'd the sword and spear.
And he sang hurra for my handywork, hurra
for the spear and sword,

Hurra for the hand that shall wield them
well, for he shall be King and Lord!

To Tubal Cain came many a one, as he
wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
as the crown of his own desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and
strong, till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
spoils of the forest free;

And they sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain, who
has given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire!
and hurra for the metal true!

But a sudden change came o'er his head ere
the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain for the
evil he had done;

He saw that men with rags and hate, made
war upon their kind,

And the land was red with the blood they
shed, in their lust for carnage blind;

And he said, 'Alas that ever I made, or
that skill of mine should plan,

The spear and the sword for men whose joy
is to slay their fellow man:

And for many a day old Tubal Cain sat
brooding o'er his woe,

And his hand forebore to smite the ore, and
his furnace smoulder'd low,—

But he rose at last with a cheerful face, and
a bright courageous eye,

And bared his strong right arm to work,
while the quick flames mounted high:

And he sang, 'hurra for my handywork!'—
and the red sparks lit the air,

Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made, and he fashion'd the first plough-
share,

And sang hurra for Tubal Cain, our staunch
good friend is he,

And for the ploughshare and the plough, to
him our praise shall be;

But while oppression lifts its head, a tyrant
would be lord,

Though we may thank him for the plough,
we'll not forget the sword.

HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

Poetry, Anon. Music by Blockley. Sung by Mrs.
Wood at Nicholson's Tableaux Vivans, Bow-street.

How shall I woo thee, beautiful Spring,
What shall my offering be?

Shall I search the abode of the ocean king,
And a chaplet of pearls bring to thee?

Oh, no! for there shines in thy clustering
curls,

The dew-drops of morning, far brighter
than pearls.

Oh, no! for there shines in thy clustering
curls,

The dew-drops of morning, far brighter
than pearls.

How shall I woo, &c.

How shall I woo thee, beautiful Spring.

From whence shall my offering come?

Shall I echo the birds as they joyously sing.
In the groves of thy flowering home?

Oh, yes! for sweet music alone has the
spell

To fathom the depths of thy leafy dell;

Oh, yes! for sweet music alone has the
spell

To fathom the depths of thy leafy dell.

How shall I woo thee, &c.

MARY BLANE.

Poetry by Wellington Guernsey. Music by Barker.
Sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James'
Theatre.

I once did lub a pretty gal—I lub'd her as
my life,—

She came from Louisiana, and I made her
my dear wife.

At home we lib'd so happy, eh, free from
grief and pain,

But in de winter-time of year, I lost my
Mary Blane.

Oh, fare de well, poor Mary Blane! one
feeling heart bids you adieu—

Oh, fare de well, my Mary Blane! we'll
never meet again,

I went into de woods one day, to hunt
among de cane,

De white man come into my house, and took
poor Mary Blane.

It grieve me bery much to tink, no hope I
entertain

Of eber seeing my dear gal, my own poor
Mary Blane.

Oh, fare de well, &c.

When toiling in de cotton field, I cry and
say good bye,

Unto my broder comrades, dat, oh, soon—
oh, soon I die.

My poor wife gone—I cannot lib amidst dis
world ob pain,

But lay me in de grave to find out my poor
Mary Blane.

Den fare de well, dear Mary Blane, do we
are parted here on earth—

Oh, fare de well, dear Mary Blane, we soon
shall meet again.

HAIL, SMILING MORN!

Music at Hawes', 355, Strand.

Hail, smiling morn, that tips the hills with
gold,

Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day;

Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies
away.

ALL HAIL TO THE TARTAN.

W. Moncrieff. Music by Jolly. Sung by Mr. D.
Brown with great applause at Nicholson's Ta-
bleaux Vivans, Bow-street.

All hail to the Tartan!—the green, red, and
blue,

So proudly still worn by the gallant and
true!

The lassies of Scotland may joy to run o'er
The Tartan's blest birth in the bright days
of yore.

Slow the spinning-wheel turned, sad the
distaff was plied,

When the Genius of Scotland appeared in
her pride;

On a rainbow she came, for no more howled
the blast,

The battle was o'er, and the tempest was
pass'd.

'Oh! mourn not my daughter,' she said,
'for the slain,

But weave Glory's garb for the brave that
remain;

To your web Heaven's rainbow shall yield
its own dyes—

Quick weave then the Tartan, and gladden
all eyes.

Then hurrah for the Tartan! the green,
red, and blue,

So proudly still worn by the gallant and
true;

All hail to the Tartan!—the green, red,
and blue,

So proudly still worn by the gallant and
true!

'Twas done—at her word, soon to cheer and
delight,

The Tartan with all its rich hues charmed
the sight;

Honour gave the gay Crimson, while
Truth brought the Blue,

Hope added her Green—immortality's hue:
Combined in sweet union, each tint was dis-
play'd—

Truth, Honour, and Hope,—thus the Tar-
tan was made.

And o'er since that time, brave in battle and
storm,

Tho' the plaid of each clan may change
fashion and form,

They but differ in semblance—like in their
hue—

There still is Hope's green, Honour's red,
and Truth's blue.

Then hurrah for the Tartan, the emblem
of worth.

The glory of Scotland, the pride of the
earth;

Then hurrah for the Tartan!—the green,
red, and blue,

So proudly still worn by the gallant and
true!

THE SMILE THAT PLAYS.

Sung by Miss Rainforth in the 'Brides of Venice.'
Published by Cramer, Beale, & Co., Regent-st.

The smile that plays on woman's cheek,
The sigh which breaks her rest,

Tho' bright or sad, but ill bespeak
The feelings of her breast;

They may some anxious thoughts impart,
But those who've most relied,

Know not the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

There may, in her uncertain smile,
Some token be of grief,

Some impulse which may, for awhile,
In sorrow seek relief.

But those who most have watched the part
Portray'd by hope or pride,

Know least the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK SIDE.

I wandered by the brook side,
I wandered by the mill,

I could not hear the brook,
The noisy wheel was still;

There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird.

But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,

And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;

For I listened for a foot-fall—
I listened for a word,

But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, ah! he came not,
The night came on alone,

The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air passed by my cheek
The leaves above were stirr'd,

But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind

A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;

It drew me nearer, nearer,
We did not speak one word,

For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

Sung by Mr. H. Phillips. Published by Cramer & Co., Regent-street.

In happy moments, day by day.

The sands of life may pass,

In swift, but tranquil tide, away.

From Time's unerring glass;

Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,

Remembrance will recall.

Whose pure and whose unfading beam

Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze

And hearts with fondness beat,

Whose smile upon each feature plays

With truthfulness replete;

Some thoughts none others can replace,

Remembrance will recall;

Which, in the flight of years we trace,

Is dearer than them all.

LONDON CURIOSITIES.

Tune—'Drops of Brandy.'

Words by Hawkins A. Dalton, Esq. Sung with great applause by Mr. Mullins at the Public Concerts.

Now hearken ye gents and ye maids,

I'll tell you a wonderful ditty,

Of all sorts, and sexes, and grades,

That dwell in this overgrown city.

And after you've heard me quite through,

I hope you'll applaud my relation;

'Tis said, give the devil his due,—

I claim then your best approbation.

Ri tol, lol de rol lol, &c.

The first thing folks think of is dress,—

You always must follow the fashion;

An old garment scents of distress,—

The thought puts me half in a passion.

Your hat must be narrow in brim,

Stuck right on the back of your noddle;

Your trowsers fit tight to your limb,

As on you mysteriously toddle.

Ri tol, &c.

When ladies are passing you by,

'Tis breeding to stare in their faces;

To whip a glass up to your eye,

And indulge in all sorts of grimaces.

Then giving your cane a slight twirl,

In accents more loud than they're mellow,

'Pon my soul, that's a very fine girl!

You mean,—'I'm a killing young fellow!'

Ri tol, &c.

The ladies,—Lord bless the sweet dears!

Are harmless like lambkins at play;

They know when to melt into tears,

And to act,—there's the devil to pay.

They've flounces right up to the waist;—

'Tis true, what I say, though comical.

To starch out their gowns, they now taste

But seconds,—how economical!

Ri tol, &c.

They set up a charity bazaar—

For charity has many graces:

They're not interested at all,

In wishing to sport their sweet faces

And then at a fancy bazaar,—

Oh, the darlings delighted attend;

For husbands just now are at par;

Ah!—but poverty needs a kind friend!

Ri tol, &c.

Have you not heard of the riot,

The rumpus kicked up by the flunkies?

Because they are placed on short diet,

They chatter like so many monkeys.

'Twas proposed by one, it was said,

(Well versed in turning's proficiency),

The flour that was meant for the bread,

Be used to supply the deficiency.

Ri tol, &c.

The people are dying from want,

And the rich seem to very much care;

Their mite, in hypocrisy's cant,

To a sermon they scarcely can spare.

But then Jenny Lind is in town,

'Dear papa! we all surely must go,'

'My love! I must have a new gown,

Though it cost but a fifty or so.'

Ri tol, &c.

In Exeter Hall there's a set

Of Christians so noble,—devout,

Who wish that the pope they could get

In their claws, they'd pull his eyes

out.

At Tattersall's there is a storm;

And many cut sorrowful figures;

While the town is taken by storm

By a lot of ominous niggers.

Ri tol, &c.

There are Nicholson's *posse* *plastique*,

Where the women are clad in silk tights;

I declare I feel very weak,

And so nervous to witness such sights,

And then there's at Crocky's the gals,

America's dark serenaders;

All over the town they have palls,

Ethiopians and black serenaders.

Ri tol, &c.

The banjo is heard in the street,

And boys are twirling Jim Crow about;

The rattle of bones is a treat,

And handsome's a nigger's black snout.

'Tis intellect's march you will find,

There are steamboats now ply for a brown,

In a bass, when'er you're to the mind,

For a twopence you can ride about town.

Ri tol, &c.

On all have the times made a pounce,

Covent Garden is now renovated;

Though Kemble, it sure would pronounce,

An act to be ever reprobated.

The old times of London are gone,

The games of our childhood are ever;—

Ri tol, &c.

Italians are swaying the town,
While niggers are living in clover.
Ri! to! to! de rol! lol, &c.

**WHEN THE FAIR LAND OF
POLAND**
Sung by Mr. Harrison in the 'Bohemian Girl'.
Published by Messrs. Chappell & Co., 55, New
Bond-street.

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed
by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader, when Might
With steel to the bosom and flame to the
Completed her triumph o'er Right;
In that moment of danger, when Freedom
All the fetterless sons of her pride,
In a phalanx as dauntless as Freedom o'er
yoked,
And I fell by her side:
My birth is noble, unstained my crest
As this own: let this attest.

COTTAGE NEAR ROCHELLE.
Sung by Mr. H. Phillips in the 'Siege of Rochelle'.
Published by Cramer & Co., Regent-street.
When I beheld the anchor weighed,
And with the shore thy image faded,
I deemed each wave a boundless sea.
That bore me still from love and thee;
I watched alone the sun decline,
And envied beams on thee to shine.
While anguish painted death her spell,
My love and cottage near Rochelle.
Mid every clime would memory trace,
In every scene that gentle face,
That mute pale lip—the parting sigh,
That one sad tear which filled thine eye,
Till fancy's dream with sweet control,
On magic winds would lift my soul,
And wait me home with thee to dwell,
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

LOVE AND WAR.
Duet.

Composed and sung by Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. H. Phillips.

Published by Chappell, Underhill, & Beale,
Regent Street.

LOVER.
While Love absorbs my ardent soul,
I think not of the morrow;
Beneath his sway years swiftly roll,
True Lovers banish sorrow,
By softest kisses warm'd to bliss,
Lovers banish sorrow.

SOLDIER.
While War absorbs my ardent soul,
I think not of the morrow;
Beneath his sway years swiftly roll,
True soldiers banish sorrow,

By cannons rattle, rous'd to battle,
Soldiers banish sorrow!

BOTH.
Since Mars lov'd a Venus, Venus likes
Let's blind love's wounds with battle's
And call in Bacchus all divine,
To cure both pains with rosy wine,
And thus beneath his social sway
We'll sing and laugh the hours away.

MY GENTLE MOTHER DEAR.
THERE was a place in childhood, that I re-
member well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone, bright
And gentle words with fond embrace was
given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my
mother's knee:
My mother dear, &c.

When fairy tales were ended, Good night,
she softly said,
And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep within
my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—me-
thinks I yet can see,
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my
mother's knee.

My mother dear, &c.
In the sickness of my childhood, the perils
of my prime,
The sorrows of my ripper years, the cares of
every time;
When doubt or danger weighed me down,
then, pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven, that
bent my mother's knee.

My mother dear, &c.

THE BLOODHOUND.
Sung by H. Phillips.

Rise, Herod, my hound from the stranger's
floor.
Old friend, we must wander the world once
more;
For no one now liveth to welcome us back,
So come let us speed on our fated track,
What matter the region? what matter the
weather?
So you and I travel till death together;
And in death, why e'en may I still be found
By the side of my beautiful black blood-
hound.
What, Herod, old hound, dost remember
the day
When I fronted the wolves like a stag at
bay?
When downwards they galloped to where
we stood,

Whilst I staggered with fear darken the
pine wood?
Dost remember their howlings, their hor-
rible speed,
God! God! how I prayed for a friend in
need,
And he came; ah! 'twas then my dear He-
rod I found,
That the best of all friends was my bold
bloodhound.

Men tell us, dear friends, that the noble
hound,
Must for ever be lost in the worthless
ground;
Yet courage, fidelity, love, they say,
Bear men as on wings to his skies, away.
Well, Herod, go tell them whatever may be,
I'll hope I may ever be found by thee;
If in sleep, or in Heaven, with heaven
around,
May'st thou follow e'en thither, my dear
bloodhound,
My dear, my dear bloodhound!

HARRY HAWSER.

Sung at the Public Concerts, with great applause,
by Mr. Hobbs.
Tune—"Will Watch."

ONE morn, when the wind o'er the ocean
skimm'd lightly,
And the surge slowly rippled against the
sand shore.

Harry Hawser, a fisherman, bold and built
tightly,

Prepared his trim skiff, as he'd oft done
before;

But his Nancy, to whom he scarce a week
had been shackled,

Felt a dread at the parting, and pray'd
he'd remain.

He smiled at her fears, cried I'm well rigg'd
and tackled,

Ere nightfall my Nancy shall see me
again.

Round his neck with a heart of foreboding
his wife hung.

He kissed the salt tear from her cheek,
bade adieu,

Coil'd his nets, and on board his skiff with
life sprung,

Hoisted sail, waved his hand, and receded
from view.

Success crown'd his efforts far beyond his
looking.

And he whistled and sung in the praise of
his Nan,

His net lines and tackle he presently took
in,

Tack'd about and homeward with full sail
he ran.

But the winds quickly veering—the clouds
thicken'd heavy,
The rain pour'd in torrents, and loud
thunder roar'd;

The billows roll'd high, and the lightning
was vivid,

The mast it was shiver'd and went by the
board;

Then poor Hawser in vain, as practice ad-
vised him,

Strove to govern the skiff, which he found
leaky grew;

Death stared in his face, and a wave soon
capsized him,

His last words were, "dear Nancy, thy
words were too true."

A night of distraction poor Nancy pass'd
o'er,

Blue burnt the flame, and her heart fondly
beat,

As day broke she hasten'd to traverse the
sea shore,

Bare-headed in hopes her dear Hawser to
meet.

A form by the waves newly thrown she spied
out.

A form too well known, 'twas her Hawser
so brave,

She fell on his breast, kissed his cold lips and
sigh'd out,

"'Tis thy bosom, my Hawser, shall be
thy Nan's grave."

Now the news was soon spread, and the
beach quickly crowded

To see the fate of this couple so true;

Ev'ry heart felt a pang, ev'ry brow there
was crowded.

The tear-drop of pity each cheek did be-
dew.

To the grave they were borne as his bosom
she died on.

Cheek to cheek, heart to heart, in the dust
they laid were,

On the mast of the wreck at their head was
inscribed on,

"Here lies Harry Hawser and Nancy his
dear."

THE STAR OF GLENGARRY.

THE red moon is over the cross-covered
mountain,

The hour is at hand when I promised to
rove

With the turf-cutter's daughter by Logan's
bright water,

To tell her how truly her Donald could
love.

I ken there's the miller, with plenty of
siller,

Would fain win a glance from her beau-
tiful e'e,

But she's my ain bonny Mary, the star of
Glengarry,
And kept her soft smile and her kisses for
me.

'Tis long since we trod the Highlands toge-
ther.

Twa frolicsome bairns gaily starting, the
dear,

When I ca'd her my life, my bonny wee
wife,

Ne'er was sic joy seen when Mary was
near;

And she's the blossom I'd wear in my
bosom,

A blossom I'd cherish till the day that I
dee,

But she's my ain bonny Mary, the star of
Glengarry.

She's health, and she's wealth, and a good
wife to me.

PRETTY STAR OF NIGHT.

Sung by Mrs. Waylett.

The daylight has long been sunk in the bil-
low,

And Zephyr its absence is mourning with
sighs;

Then quickly, my dearest, arise from your
pillow,

And make the night day with the light of
your eyes.

For fairer than you no one ever may prove;
The bright mould that formed you they've
broken; my love.

And now you alone can your image renew.
Then, oh, for creation's sake rise, dearest,
do!

The daylight has long, &c.
Pretty star of my soul, heaven's stars all
outshining!

Sweet dream of my slumbers, ah, love,
pray you, rise.

Ecchantress, all hearts in your fetters en-
twining,

To my ears you are music, and light to
my eyes,

To my anguish you're balm, to my plea-
sure you're bliss.

To my touch you are joy, there's the
world in your kiss.

Day is not day if your presence I miss:
Ah, no, 'tis a night, and moonless as this.

Pretty star of my soul, &c.

I LOVE HER AS THE HEAVENS I
LOVE.

Sung by Mr. W. Harrison, in the "Enchantress."
Published by Chappell, 50, New Bond-street.

I love her as that heav'n I love,
Whose shrine we are forbid to know,

Whose light and beauty formed above

But rarely blend with sight below;
When slumber's pinions o'er me play,
In dreams her form appears to me,
And when those visions pass away,
Its image still I seem to see.

In hour of joy or of distress,
She is my heart's presiding star:

And by her unmatched loveliness,
I feel how worthless others are—

When slumber's pinions o'er me play,
In dreams her form appears to me,

And when those visions pass away,
Its image still I seem to see.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

Published by T. E. Parlay, St. Paul's Churchyard:
BEAUTIFUL Venice, city of song.

What mean rises of old to thy regions belong
What sweet recollections cling to my heart,

As thy fast-fading shores from my vision
depart.

Oh, poetry's home is thy light colonnade,
Where the winds gently sigh as the sweet
twilight fades.

I have known many homes, but the dwel-
ling for me

Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea.

Beautiful Venice, the queen of the earth,
Where dark eyes shine brightly, and music
and mirth,

Where gay serenaders, by light of the star,
Oft mingle their songs with the dulcet gui-
tar,

All that's lovely in life, all that's deathless
in song

Fair Italy's isles to thy regions belong.

Oh I have known many homes, &c.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

Published by Messrs. Ranford, Charles-street,
Soho Square.

MANY have told of the monks of old,
What a saintly race they were;

But 'tis more true that a motley crew,
Could not be found elsewhere

For they sung and laughed, and the rich
wine quaffed,

And lived on the daintiest cheer.

And then they would jest at the love con-
fessed,

By many an artless maid:
What hopes and fears they had breath'd in
the ears

Of those who had sought their aid
And they sung, etc.

As they told of each love sick jade,
And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,

Was the heartiest of them all,
And would take his place with a smiling
face,

When refection hell would call,
 When they sunk etc.
 Fill they shook the golden wall,
 Then say what you will, we'll drink to them
 still,
 For a jovial band they were,
 And 'tis most true, that a merrier crew
 Could not be found elsewhere;
 For they sung, etc.
 And lived on the quaintest cheer.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Words by Sergeant. Composed and sung by Dr. H. Russell. Published by Munro and May, High Holburn.

A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep,
 Like an eagle soaring high,
 On this full unheaving shore,
 Oh! give me the flashing breeze,
 The spray and the tempest's roar,
 A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep,
 The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep,
 The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand,
 Off my own swift guiding craft,
 Set sail! farewell to the land,
 The gale follows far and fast,
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean bird of prey,
 Like the ocean bird our home,
 We'll find far out on the sea,
 A life on the ocean wave, etc.
 The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown,
 But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say let the storm come down,
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea,
 A home on the bounding wave,
 A life on the ocean wave, etc.

THE FINE OLD COLOUR'D GENTLEMAN.

As sung by Henry Russell. Published in Davidson's Miscellany.

In Tennessee, as I've heard say, there once
 did use to dwell
 A fine old colour'd gentleman, and his name
 ger know'd him well
 They us'd to call him Sambo; or something
 near dat same;
 And dey reason why dey call'd him so, was
 because it was his name.

So come along, my darling, because you
 know me well,
 O! come along my darling, yha, yha,
 yha, yha, yha!

He had a good old banjo, and well he kept
 it strung,
 And he us'd to sing de old song, ob "Go it
 while you be young;
 He sung so long, and sung so loud, dat he
 scar'd de pigs and goats,
 For he often took a pint of yeast, to raise
 his upper notes.

So come along my darling, etc.
 When dis nigger took a snooze, twas in a
 nigger crowd,
 And he us'd to keep dem all awake, because
 he slept so loud;
 Den de niggers held an inquest, when dey
 heard ob his deaf,
 And de verdict ob de jury was, he died for
 want of breff.

So come along my darling, etc.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

'Twas sea was bright, and the dark tide went
 and the breeze bore the tone of the vesper
 bell.

'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave
 As ever launched on the heaving wave,
 She shone in the light of declining day,
 And each sail was set and each heart was
 gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles,
 The sunny shore of the greenish isles,
 All thoughts of home, and that welcome dear
 That scope should greet each hand and
 ear;

And in fancy joined the social throng,
 And the festive dance, and the joyous song,
 A white cloud flies through the azure sky,
 What means that wild despairing cry?
 Farewell! the visioned scenes of home,
 That cry is help, where no help can come;
 For the white squall rides on the surging
 wave,
 And the bark is gulph'd in an ocean grave.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Published by Messrs. Chapman & Co., 14, New Bond-street. Sung by Mr. Harrison in the "Bohemian Girl."

We are other lips and other hearts,
 Their tales of love shall tell,
 In language whose excess imparts
 The power they feel so well,
 There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
 Some recollection be
 Of days that have so happy been,
 And you'll remember me,
 When olden days or distant shall night
 The beauty of the scene.

And deem it but a faded light

That beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
I will break your own to see;
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

I'M AFLOAT, I'M AFLOAT.

Composed and sung by Mr. Russell. Published by
Messrs. Duff & Hudson, 21, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce rolling
tide;
The ocean's my home and my bark is my
bride,
Up, up with my flag, let it wave over the
sea;

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is
free.

I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law;
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
And ne'er as a coward or a slave will I kneel
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears
steel.

Quick! quick! trim her sail! let the sheet
fly to the wind,

And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the sea-
gulls behind.

Up, up with my flag, let it wave over the
sea!

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is
free.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is
free.

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is
heard:

What matter? our vessel skims on like a
bird!

What to her is the dash of the storm-tidden
main?

She has braved it before, and will brave it
again.

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may
fall:

That may strike, they may cleave, but they
cannot appal.

With lightning above us, and darkness
below,

Through the wild waste of waters right on-
ward we go.

Hurra! my brave comrades, ye may drink,
ye may sleep.

The storm-herd is hush'd, and we're alone on
the deep.

Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea.
I'm afloat, &c.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

Written by Charles Mackay. Music by Henry Ras-
sell, and sung by him with great applause.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,

Remember, though a brute is vile

That use may be divine;
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the graces
To cheer both great and small;
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
You roam the earth alone,

And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own;

Remember, woman, a priceless worth,
And think, when pleasure calls—

That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve your human kind,

Nor rail against your fellow-man;
With malice in your mind;

But in your daily intercourse, evil I
Remember, lest you fall;

That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be true to all;
And in the deepest stress

Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward's false retreat;

Let worn and hope go hand in hand,
And know, what'er befall,

That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, be true to all;
Your rule be, still the same;

Your work may toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame;

Your drink not maddening, but cheering,
So shall your bliss not pall;

For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Muchly Secord, M.D., M.P., M.A.,
MINE is the famed philosopher's name;

Mine is the alman, and mine alone;
Where kneels the atheist in his pride;

With the true religion, and the true
Spirits of earth, and spirits of air;

Spirits dark, and spirits fair,
Tell me who has so sweet a control

As the Spirit of Beauty holds over the soul
I am here, upon the wings of love,
And over the loved ones I sit;

I rest on the petals of the rose,
And lie in the balmy sweets it throws.

In the span of the heavens my throne is set,
Where all is dark, and deep, and jet;

And the Spirit of Beauty's here so proud,
As 'tis when it flies on a starlit cloud.

When and I am, and where I see,
There will the child of passion be;

Victarist how to my darling theme,
The learning one;

And dream they're doing some deed divine.
I am worshipped by all, in every clime,
At the matin hour and vesper time;
But glass'd on the brow of the bright and
fair,
The Spirit of Beauty's most godlike there.

WHERE IS THE ROVER.

WHERE, where is the rover?

Where, ah, where is he gone?

I have sought him over the mountain,
I have sought him through the storm;

I have wandered through the valley,

No voice replies to me.

Where, where, is the rover?

Where can the rover be?

Still, still I love him,

My passion proud to own,

I live but to cherish

The love I'll ne'er disown.

I'll seek him in the valley,

Tho' dark the tempest be.

Where, where is the rover?

Where can the rover be?

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the
deer,

Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

My heart, etc.

All hail to the Highlands, all hail to the
North,

The birth-place of valour, the country of
worth,

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,

The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart, etc.

Farewell to the mountains, high covered
with snow,

Farewell to the strate and green valleys
below,

Adieu to the forests and high hanging woods,

Adieu to the torrents and loud pouring floods

Adieu, etc.

Adieu for awhile, I can ne'er forget thee,

The land of my fathers, the soil of the free,

I sigh for the hour that shall bid me retrace

The path of my childhood, my own native
place.

My heart's, etc.

TO THE WOODS AWAY.

Music by Barker.—Sung by Mrs. Wood.

To the woods away, the rudy morn is glow-
ing,

And sweetly the hunter's horn breaks on
the listening ear;

Away, away, where the knarled oaks are
growing,

And let our merry bugle-note rise up the
slumbering deer,

The dews hang like pearl drops from ev'ry
tree and flower,

And gaily the wakeful birds warble thro'
each grove,

I envy not the monarch who pines for state
and power,

The freedom of the woods and hills more
dearly do I love.

To the woods, etc.

'Tis sweet to rove when day's first beam is
shining,

And gently the summer breeze plays on
the water's breast,

Or wandering thus till your bright orb de-
clining,

Withdraws his golden light from earth,
and softly sinks to rest;

My heart then rejoices in nature's bounte-
ous store,

Thoughts free from care arise pure as
childhood's dream,

Far, far from haunts of sorrow, I heed the
world no more,

My soul finds joy in all it sees—the wood,
the hill, the stream.

To the woods, etc.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOOD- LANDS.

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet
hound and horn,

To waken shrill Echo, and taste the fresh
morn;

But hard is the chase my fond heart must
pursue,

For Daphne, fair Daphne! is lost to my
view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to re-
gain.

More wild than the roebuck, and winged
with disdain;

In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she
flies,

Though Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtilla that
dies

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Composed and sung by Mr. H. Russell
Published in Davidson's Musical Treas-
ury.

Dark is the night! how dark! no light! no
fire;

Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks
expire.

Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a
bride.

Hark! 'tis his footstep!
 No! 'tis past, 'tis gone;
 Tick! tick! how wearily the time rolls on;
 Why should he leave me thus?
 He once was kind, and I believ'd 'twould
 last.
 Oh! how mad, how blind!
 Rest thee, my babe, rest on, 'tis hunger's
 cry!
 Sleep, for there's no food! the fount, the
 fount is dry!
 Famine and cold their wearing work have
 done.
 My heart must break! and thou, my child,
 my hope wilt die.

Hush! the clock strikes one.
 Hush! 'tis the dice box! yes! he's there,
 he's there!
 For this he leaves me to despair.
 Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his
 child! for what?
 The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!
 Yet I'll not curse him—no! 'tis all in vain.
 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again.
 And I could starve, and bless him! but for
 you, my child!
 Oh fiend! oh fiend!

Hush! the clock strikes two!
 Hark! how the sign-board creaks!
 The blast hews by,
 Moan, moan ye winds, thro' the cloudy sky.
 Ha! 'tis his knock, he comes, he comes once
 more;
 No! 'tis but the lattice flaps, my hope, my
 hope is o'er.
 Can he desert us thus? he knows I stay, he
 knows I stay.
 Night after night in loneliness, in loneliness
 to pray
 For his return, and yet he sees no tear!
 No, no, it cannot be. Oh! he will be here.
 Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart:
 Thou art cold, thou art freezing,
 But we will not, will not part.
 Husband! I die. Father, it is not he, it is
 not he.
 Oh! God, protect my child!

Hush! the clock strikes three!
 They're gone! they're gone, the glimm'ring
 spark hath fled,
 The wife and child are number'd with the
 dead.
 On the cold earth outstretch'd in solemn
 rest,
 The babe lies frozen on its mother's breast.
 The Gambler came at last, but all was o'er—
 Dread silence reign'd around.
 The clock struck four.

THE BOATMEN DANCE.

Sung with great applause by the Ethiopian
 Serenaders.

De boatmen dance, de boatmen sing,
 De boatmen up to ebery ting;
 When de boatmen comes on shore,
 He spends all his money and works for more.
 Dance, de boatmen dance;
 We'll dance all night,
 Till de broad daylight,
 And go home with de girls in de morn-
 ing.
 Heigho! de boatmen rows,
 Floating down the river with a ha!
 heigho!

I went on board de oder day
 To hear what de boatmen had got to say,
 Dere I let my passion loose,
 And they popp'd me in de calaboose.
 Dance, de boatmen dance, &c.
 The loonsman come in a short frock coat,
 De boatmen come wid a five pound note,
 Stand back, my lads, for you have no chance
 Cos we call dis de boatmen's dance.

Dance, de boatmen dance, &c.
 When you hear the boatmen's horn,
 Look out, my boys, the ship is gone;
 Wheel away and off we go,
 And you shall strike de old banjo.

Dance, de boatmen dance, &c.
 Ober de mountain sleek as a eel,
 Dat's where de boatman trips on his heel,
 De vind may blow and de waves may tom,
 By my soul I tink de boatman's lost.
 Dance, de boatmen dance, &c.

MY BRIDE.

Words and Music by Hawkins A. D'Alton, Esq.
 Published by Eversatt, Great Russell Street,
 Bloomsbury.

I press'd her to my bosom,
 Upon her lip I hung,
 I felt an inward rapture
 Around my spirit flung;
 I gazed upon her beauty,
 My heart beat high with pride,
 To think such loveliness
 Should ever be my bride.
 I've been where pleasure breath'd
 Enchantment in my ear,
 Where sparkling beauty deck'd
 The halls of grandeur's sphere;
 I've join'd the waltz's maze,
 A fair one by my side,
 But she in gentleness
 Was nought to thee, my bride.
 The gay, the proud, may still
 To pleasure's fountain's hie,
 But they can never feel
 Like me when thou art nigh.
 I care not for the world,

Its riches I deride;
The gem I treasure most
Is thee, my lovely bride.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.
"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."
On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle,
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

Published by D'Almaine & Co., 30, Soho Square.
How sweet at close of silent eve,
The harp's responsive sound,
How sweet the vows that ne'er decoy,
And deeds of virtue crowned.
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove.
But ah! more soft, more sweet to me,
Is the voice of her I love!

LOVELY NIGHT.

Sung by Made. Vestris in the "Follies of a Night."
Lovely night! lovely night!
They have called thee dark and drear,
But the light, but the light,
Is to me not half so dear.
For though the sunlight glad some seems,
Too oft it brings but tears alone,
But circled with thy fairy dreams,
How many joys my heart hath known.
Lovely night! lovely night,
They have called thee dark and drear,
But the light, but the light,
Is to me not half so dear.
Lovely night! lovely night,
Tho' thy dew may be thy tears,
Yet how bright, yet how bright,
From thy grief the world appears.
The flowers that before at noon
Had faded with the sun's warm ray,
When smiled on by the gentle moon,
Revive to bless the coming day.
Lovely night, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky!
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to rest, the wounded to die.
As reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-searing faggot that guard'd
the slain:
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I
saw,
And thrice ere the cock-crow, I dreamt it
again.
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful
array,
Far, far, had I roamed on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine discoloured the sweet
way,
To the home of my fathers that welcom'd
me back:
I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
in life's morning march, when my bosom
was young!
I heard my own mountain goats bleating
aloft,
And I knew the sweet strain that the corn
reapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly
I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends
never to part:
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times
o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness
of heart:
Oh! stay with us, rest, thou art weary and
worn,
And fain was the war-broken soldier to
stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of
morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
away.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Composed by Mr. H. Russell, and sung by him with
great applause. Published by Cramer and Co.,
Regent-street.
The storm o'er the ocean flew fitfully as
fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of
the blast;
And heavily laboured the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at
his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's
path,
Except when the lightning illumed it in
wrath.

A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
 And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
 She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild,
 'Oh! Father, have mercy—look down on my child!
 It passed—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
 And the ship, like an arrow, divided the spray.
 The sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
 And the breeze up aloft seemed to whistle a tune.
 There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
 For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
 The young mother press'd her fond babe to her breast,
 And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
 And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
 And looked with delight on the face of his bride,
 'Oh happy,' said he, 'when our roaming is o'er,
 We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore:
 Already in fancy its roof I descry,
 And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
 Its gardens so green, and its vine-covered wall,
 And kind friends waiting to welcome us all;
 And the children that sport by the old oaken tree.'
 Ah, gently the ship glided over the sea.
 "Hark! what was that? Hark, hark to the shout—
 Fire! fire!" then a tramp; then a rout,
 And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
 And the mother knelt down, and the half-uttered prayer
 That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
 Was, "Father, have mercy—look down on my child."
 She flew to her husband—she clung to his side:
 Oh, there was her refuge, whate'er might betide.
 Fire, fire! It was raging above and below,
 And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
 And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
 'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
 The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,

And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher;
 Oh, God! it was fearful to perish by fire,
 Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
 Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in Thee.
 Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
 They lowered the boat—a mere speck on the wave;
 First entered the mother, enfolding her child;
 It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled.
 Cold, cold was the night, as they drifted away,
 And mistily dawn'd o'er the pathway the day;
 And they prayed for the light, and at noon-tide about,
 The sun o'er the waters shone joyfully out.
 "Ho, a sail! ho, a sail!" cried a man on the lee;
 "Ho, a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes on the sea;
 "They see us, they see us, the signal is waved;
 They bear down upon us, thank God we're all saved!"

DRINK TO HER WHO LONG, &c.

T. Moore.

Drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh;
 The girl that gave to song
 What gold could never buy;
 For woman's heart was made
 For minstrels' hands alone!
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then drink to her, &c.
 At Beauty's door of glass,
 Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her which might pass?
 She answered—He who could.
 With golden key, Wealth thought
 To pass, but 'twould not do;
 While Wit a diamond brought
 That cut its bright way through.
 Then drink to her, &c.
 The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth with grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her, &c.

AT MORN UPON THE BEACH I STOOD.

Sung by Mr. Harrison, in "The Brides of Venice." Published by Chappell, New Bond-street.

At morn upon the beach I stood,
And saw the waves depart,
Which bore upon their briny flood
The treasure of my heart.
At eve upon the shore again,
I watched the ebbing tide,
And sought that treasure all in vain,
For which my heart so sighed.
And thus it is with life—its cares
Are like yon mighty sea,
As boundless as the waves it bears,
And wild as they can be.
While all the happiness our lot
Can ever hope to reach,
Is like unto one sunny spot
Upon a barren bench.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

Sung by Mr. Borrani, in the "Bohemian Girl." Published by Mr. Chappell, New Bond-street.

The heart, bowed down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasures pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.
The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past—
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last;
To long-departed years extend,
Its visions with them flown;
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

Composed and sung by Mr. Lover. Published by Hodson & Co., Oxford-street.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaf,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense—
Such triumph is but cold;
But I will play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around;
Oh, not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.
To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And hearts that had been long estranged
And friends that had grown cold,

Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.

Oh, that I'd play, &c.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove,
And Hopes should launch her bless'd bark
On Sorrow's darkening sea,
And Misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.
Oh, that I'd play, &c.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Sung by Miss Rainforth, in "The Brides of Venice." Published by Chappell, New Bond-street.

By the sad sea waves, I listen while they
moan
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure
gone;

I am young, I was fair,

I had once not a care,

From the rising of the morn to the setting of
the sun!

Yet I pine like a slave,

By the sad sea wave:

Come again, bright days of hope and plea-
sure gone!

From my care last night, by holy sleep be-
guiled,

In the fair dream light, my hope upon me
smiled;

Oh, how sweet, 'mid the dew,

Every flower that I knew,

Breathed a welcome back to the worn and
weary child!

I awake in my grave,

By the sad sea wave:

Come again, bright dream, so peacefully that
smiled!

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Published by T. E. Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WOODMAN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough—
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's haud
That placed it near his cot.
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say, wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties—
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now, towering to the skies.
Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its shade I heard

The wood-notes sweet and wild,
Of many a forest bird,
My mother kissed me here,
My father press'd my hand,
I ask thee, with a tear,
Oh, let that old oak stand.
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close at thy bark, old friend—
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree, the storm still brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot—
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

THERE'S A BRIGHTNESS IN THINE EYE.

THERE'S a brightness in thine eye, love,
Like light in summer hours;
There's an odour in thy sigh, love,
More sweet than opening flowers.
There's a ruby on thy lip, love,
More bright than rosy wine;
From no other cup I'd sip, love,
But the nectared brim of thine.
There's, &c.

The music of thy tongue, love,
Would still a scraph's voice;
There's softness in thy song, love,
Like the breeze when flowers rejoice.
A world is in thy kiss, love,
And in thy smile I see
Such rapture, I've no wish, love,
But destiny and thee.
There's, &c.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Poetry by the late Thomas Hood. Music by Henry Russell. Published by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the Song of the Shirt.
Work, work, work,
While the cock is crowing aloof,
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's, Oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!
Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam, and gusset, and band—

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.
Oh men, with sisters dear;
Oh men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creature's lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.
But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape—
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep:—
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!
Work, work, work,
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages?—A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags,
That shatter'd roof, this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so black, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.
Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime;
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime.
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
numb'd,
As well as the weary hand.
Work, work, work,
In the dull of December night;
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright,
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.
Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the primrose and cowslip sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet.
Oh, but for one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal.
Oh, but for one short hour,
A respite however brief,
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief,
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their narrow bed
The tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in an awfully ragged
 Plying her needle and thread,
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 Would that its tones might reach the rich;
 She sang the Song of the Shirt.

LUCY NEAL.

Sung at the Tabernacle, Vivian, Garrick's Head,
 Bow-street.

I WAS born in Alabama; my Massa's name
 Deal,
 He used to own a yeller girl, her name was
 Lucy Neal.
 My massa he did sell me, because he thought
 I'd steal,
 Which caused a separation ob myself and
 Lucy Neal.
 Oh, poor Lucy Neal. Oh, poor Lucy Neal.
 If I had you by my side, how happy I should
 feel,
 One night de Niggers gabe a ball—Miss
 Lucy dane'd a real,
 But none was there that could compare wid
 my sweet Lucy Neal.
 She used to go out wid us to pick cotton in
 the fiel',
 And dere is where I fell in lub wid my sweet
 Lucy Neal. Oh, poor Lucy Neal, etc.
 Miss Lucy she was taken ill, how bad it
 makes me feel,
 De Doctor he did gib her up—alas, poor
 Lucy Neal.
 One day I got a letter, and jet black was de
 seal,
 It was de nouncement ob de death of my
 poor Lucy Neal.
 Oh, poor Lucy Neal, etc.
 Dey bore her from my bosom, but de wound
 they cannot heal,
 And my heart, my heart is breaking, for I
 lub'd sweet Lucy Neal.
 Oh yes, and when I'm dying, and dark vi-
 sions round me steal,
 De last low murmur ob dis life shall be sweet
 Lucy Neal.

Oh, poor Lucy Neal, etc.

HAIL, THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

HAIL, all hail! thou merry month of May!
 We will hasten to the woods away,
 And scent the flowers so sweet and gay;
 Haste away to hail the merry May!
 Hark, hark, hark! to hail the month of
 May,
 How the songsters warble on each spray;
 And we will be as blithe as they;

Then away, to hail the merry, merry May,
 Hail, all hail! thou merry month of May!
 Thou hast given to every bird its mate;
 Grant lovers true as kind a fate;
 So shall they bless thee, merry, merry,
 merry May!
 Hail, all hail! thou merry month of May!

WE MET AND WE PARTED.

FAREWELL! we have met
 But to mourn that we part;
 I will strive and forget
 How lovely thou art.
 Thy smiles, oh! how fleeting
 Their brightness appears;
 Yet the smiles at our meeting
 Are sadder than tears.

In vain on the vision
 Does memory dwell;
 Sweet dream of delusion,
 For ever farewell!
 We met—we have parted—
 The pang is now o'er,
 Yet I feel broken-hearted
 To meet thee no more.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, mother! tears are streaming
 Down thy pale and tender cheek;
 In gems and roses gleaming,
 Scarce this sad farewell may speak,
 Farewell, mother, now I leave thee,
 Hopes and fears my bosom swell,
 One to trust who may deceive me;
 Farewell, mother, fare thee well!
 Farewell, father! thou art smiling;
 Yet there's sorrow on thy brow,
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness to which I go.
 Farewell, father, thou didst bless me,
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;
 He may wound who should caress me
 Father, guardian, fare thee well.
 Farewell, sister, thou art twining
 Round me in affection deep;
 Wishing joy, but ne'er ditiing
 Why a blessed bride should weep,
 Farewell, brave and gentle brother;
 Thou more dear than words can tell;
 Father, mother, sister, brother,
 All beloved ones, fare you well.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Composed and sung by Mr. Lover. Published by
 Duff and Hodson, Oxford Street.

WIDOW MACHREE, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone, Widow Machree;
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear,
 It's destroying your hair.

Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl;
Of its black-silken curl;
Och hone, Widow Machree,
Widow, etc.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone, Widow Machree;
When every thing smiles should a beauty
look glom.

Och hone, Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears,

Now in couples agree,
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't speak they wish.

Och hone, Widow Machree,
Widow, etc.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes
in,

Och hone, Widow Machree:
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin.

Och hone, Widow Machree.
Why the shovel and tongs,
To each other belongs,

And the kittle sings song,
Full of family glee,

While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup.

Och, hone, Widow Machree,
Widow, etc.

And how do you know, with these comforts
I've towld,

Och hone, Widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor devil out in
the cowl?

Och, hone, Widow Machree,
With such sins on your head,

Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed,

Without thinking to see,
Some ghost or sprite,

That would wake you each night,
Crying, och hone, Widow Machree.

Widow etc.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Ma-
chree,

Och hone, Widow Machree,
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd
take me;

Och hone, Widow Machree,
You'd have me to deure,

Then stir up the fire,
And sure hope is no liar,

In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,

When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone, Widow Machree,

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone, Widow Machree,

Och hone, Widow Machree,

Faith it ruins your looks, that same dirty
black gown,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

WHY THIS PAGEANT NOW, THIS ARM'D ARRAY.

Poetry by Thomas Moore.—Music by Charles Bal-
lager.—Sung by Mrs. Ballager.

But why this pageant now, this arm'd array?
What triumph crowds the riotous to-day

With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,

Like tulip-beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath the invisible west-wind's
sighs?

What new-made mystery now, for faith to
sign.

And blood to seal, as genuine and divine!

What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this
hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less
proud:

Yon warrior youth, advancing from the
crowd.

THE DREAM IS PAST.

Published by Fentum.

The dream is past—and with it fled
The hopes that once my passion fed!

And darkly die mid grief and pain,
The joys which gone, come not again.

My soul, in silence and in tears,
Has cherished now for many years

A love for one who does not know
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.

Oh! cease, my heart—thy throbbing hide,
Another soon will be his bride;

And hope's last faint, but cheering ray,
Will then for ever pass away.

They cannot see the silent tear
That falls unchecked when none are near;

Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh
That leaves my breast when they are by:

I know my cheek is paler now,
And smiles no longer deck my brow.

'Tis youth's decay, 'twill soon begin
To tell the thoughts that dwell within.

Oh, let me rouse my sleeping pride,
And from his gaze my feelings hide;

He shall smile—to think that I
With love for him could pine and die.

I CANNOT FLATTER.

Sung by Mr. Allan in "The Willis or Night
Dancers."

Published by Jefferys, Soho Square.

I cannot flatter if I would
A face so fair, a heart so good;

The clearest streams that ever shone,
But dim reflect the golden moon;

And words as feebly can express
Thy more than woman's loveliness.

And words as feebly, etc.

I've oft times dreamt in sable night
Of angels cloth'd in robes of light,
And whilst I slumbered deemed they
were

Beyond what mortals call'd most fair:
Yet even when awake I see
There's nothing can compare with thee.

And words as feebly, etc.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Sung by Mr. Lover.

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roving
blades,

And if ever they meet with the nice little
maids,

They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend
their money free,

Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear
stream,

In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty
dame,

Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much
the same,

Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered
in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large
coal,

Which through my bosom have burnt a
large hole;

Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and
pure,

Her heart is more hard than its marble I'm
sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town and shines where
it stands,

And the more I think of it the more my
heart warms;

If I was at Kilkenny, I should then be at
home,

For there I got sweethearts but here can get
none.

I'd build my love a castle on Kilkenny's
free ground,

Neither Lords, Dukes, nor Squires, shall
e'er pull it down;

And if any one should ask you to tell him
my name,

I am an exile, and from Kilkenny I came.

THE DANCE UPON THE LAWN.

Published by Ransford, Charles-street, Soho Square.

I sing the days, the merry days—

To English hearts most dear;

When good old English customs ruled,

And reigned throughout the year:

When merry lads and ladies met,

And daily toil was o'er,

And grey-haired fathers watched their mirth

Beside the cottage door.

Oh, there was joy in Briton's isle,

And peace from night till morn—

When our sturdy peasants' pastime was

The dance upon the lawn.

Oh, those were days, were happy days

For England's peasant band,

When pipe and tabor's merry sounds

Were heard throughout the land;

When May-pole, dressed with ribbons gay,

Stood forth in village green,

And harmless mirth and jollity

Beneath its boughs were seen.

We join'd the happy cotter's throng,

Nor lad nor lass would scorn

To trip a measure gaily in

The dance upon the lawn.

But though the days, those merry days,

Long since have passed away—

There still is plenty in the land,

Then, wherefore not be gay?

If summer's glorious sunshine will

The fruits and flowers restore,

I'd know not he who would not be

As happy as of yore.

Then care away, we'll still be gay.

We'll laugh our foes to scorn;

And once again we'll sport it in

The dance upon the lawn.

MOLLY BAWN.

Composed and sung by Mr. Lover.—Published by
Duff & Hudson, Oxford-street.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining

All lonely, waiting here for you?

The stars above are gently shining

Because they've nothing else to do.

The flowers gay were open keeping

To try a rival blush with you;

But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping

With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

Oh, Molly Bawn, etc.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom,

dear,

The pretty stars were made to shine,

The pretty girls were made for the boys,

dear,

And may be you were made for mine.

The wicked watch-dog is at me snarling:

He takes me for a thief, you see;

For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling.

And then transported I should be.

Oh, Molly Bawn, etc.

HER MOUTH WITH A SMILE.

Her mouth with a smile

Devoid of all guile,

Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows
Impearl'd with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

Sung by the Original American Female Serenaders.
Published by D'Almaine & Co., 20, Soho-square.

Down in an old Virginny brake,
Nigger live, dey call him Jake—
Make de woods around to ring,
And dis was de song dat he did sing,—

Re raw, my true lub,
Do come along my darling—
Fare you well, Miss Dinah, girl,
For I'm going ober de mountain.

Now I saddle de ole horse in de drag,
Nigger he was very glad;
Rent was due on dat berry day,
Turn de nigger out cos he could'nt pay.

Re raw, &c.

Said I—Dinah, will you come wid me,
And lib in sweetest harmony?
'Oh, yes, dear Jim, an dat I will!'
Den I dribe like de debil ober de hill.

Re raw, &c.

De ole horse fall down on him knees—
How it rain, and how it freeze—
Dat bery day him meet him death!
And dey say he died for de want of breath.

Re raw, &c.

Dig a large hole and shub him in,
O den how de animal grip!
De doctor come in him pulse to feel,
Say him die wid de tooth-ache in him heel.

Re raw, &c.

As down de river I did skim,
Dare I meet my broder Jim:
'Broder Jim, how do you do?'
'Pretty well, thank you. How are you?'

Re raw, &c.

Reach Carolina dark at night,
Something fill him wid delight,
Broder Jim he die at sea,
Leab a large fortin for Dinah and me.

Re raw, &c.

OLD VULCAN AT HIS ANVIL RUDE.

Poetry by Renton Nicholson. Music by Hodson.
Sung by Mr. Plumpton at Nicholson's Tableaux Vivans.

Old Vulcan at his anvil rude,
Took pains to forge the bolts of Jove;
But oh! he worked in wrathful mood,
When forging for the God of Love.

The thunder of Jove's bolt departs,
It lingers not upon the earth;
But Cupid's arrow woundeth hearts,
And wars with souls of joy and mirth.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Composed by Mr. Love.
Published by Duff & Co., Oxford-street.

Oh, come to the West, love—oh, come there
with me,

'Tis a sweet land of verdure, that springs
from the sea—

Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald
throne—

Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee
my own;

I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee
the best,

And you'll say there's no land like the land
of the West.

The South has its roses and bright skies of
blue,

But ours are more sweet with love's own
changeeful hue;

Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love
best—

Oh, what is the South to the beautiful West!
Then come there with me, and the rose on
thy mouth

Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of
the South.

The North has its towers of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting
day—

There the Storm King may dwell in the
halls he loves best,

But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in
the West.

Then come to the West, where no cold wind
doth blow,

And thy neck will seem fairer to me than
the snow.

The sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the
night,

When he rises refresh'd in his glory and
might—

But where doth he go when he seeks his
sweet rest—

Oh, doth he not haste to the beautiful West?
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I
love best—

'Tis the land of my sires—'tis my own dar-
ling West.

I WOULD I WERE A FAIRY.

Sung by Madam Albertazzi in the 'Night Dancers.'
Published by Jeffreys, Soho-square.

I would I were a fairy, as light as falling
snows,

To do what'er my fancy bade, to wander
where I chose;

I'd visit many a pleasant spot, a merry life
I'd lead, with all of bright and beautiful to serve me
With all of bright and beautiful to serve me
at my need,
I'd never give a single thought to misery or
care,
My heart should have the gladness of a wild
bird in the air;
And if perchance, a tempest should gather
in the sky,
I'd crouch beneath a lily-bell until the clod
passed by.

I would I were, &c.
The starry twinkling glow-worm, that, like
a drop of dew,
Sheds faintly on the trembling grass a line
of emerald hue—
The daisy and the violets the small gem on
the lea—
Off these I'd make my playmates, and these
my friends should be;
I'd hie me to the greenwood—I'd sit me
down and sing
Beneath the quiet curtain of the nightin-
gale's soft wing!
My pillow should be rose-leaves without a
single thorn;
And there I'd chant my roundelay until the
blush of morn.

I would I were, &c.

MY HUNTER LOVE.

Music at Jeffreys, Soho-square.

Come down from the mountains, my hunter
love!
Leave the sports of the chase awhile:
Come down to the valley with me, and
rove
In the light of affection's smile.
There the cooling streamlets of summer
flow,
Undisturbed by the torrent's roar;
V'e track no foe in the Alpine snow,
For the vale is our peaceful home.

Come down, &c.

The haunts ye have chosen are dark and
drear,
And your comrades are daring men—
Who dread not the terrors ye well may
fear
To meet in the mountain glen.
In safety they tread where the torrent
flows,
Though 'tis danger for you to roam;
Their steps are mired to the glacier's
snows,
And the rock is their rugged home!

Then come, &c.

HE LIVES RENOWN'D IN STORY.

Written by Mrs. Leon Lee. Composed by A. Lee.
Sung by Mr. D. Brown of Ventnor Gardens.

A peasant boy from the lowly vales,
Once sought the field of glory;
In the humble cot he sighed for fame,
To live renown'd in story.

'Should I fall, he cried, overwhelm'd by
foes,
My cause shall freedom cheer;
Will rouse the peaceful vale to arms,
And my name shall never perish.'

Ah! little thought the peasant boy,
When he left the tranquil valley,
Oppression's sword should gain the day,
And freedom vainly rally.

The lonely dells have heard his fame,
For he gain'd the palm of glory;
Mid dauntless chiefs the peasant fell,
But he lives renown'd in story!

THE THIRSTY FAMILY.

S. Purley.

My gran'nam, God rest her old soul, often
said,
That sorrow is ever dry,
So was frequently lifting the glass to her
head,

And a chip of the old block am I,
My father, an anchor-smith, swallowed a
spark,

And to quench it through life he would try,
But in twice twenty years he could ne'er
hit the mark;

And as thirsty a sacker am I,
My mother loved gin, and the lesson soon
caught;

She vowed to obey when she wed,
And they neither could see in the other's
fault,

When they lovingly staggered to bed.
My sisters and brothers all prized the good
stuff,

Which they sucked with their milk at the
breast,

And they'd think me a bastard, that's likely
enough,

If I did not drink like the rest.
At twenty I took for my rib, brandy Nang!

We coupled like birds of a feather,
Though times they run hard, still this is
our plan,

We hob nob our glasses together.
They tell us life 's short, but we laugh at
care,

For we heed not what sober ones say,
And let what will happen, we'll never
despair,

While we've liquor to mellow the day.

PAGE(S)
MISSING

**PAGE(S)
MISSING**

But set that charm aside,
 Defenceless she appears,
 Though on the frail bark glide
 Its course is lost in tears.

DEEP IN THE FOREST DELL.

DEEP in the forest dell,
 The sylph she loves to dwell
 With the timid fawn.
 Sporting at early dawn,
 Or near some limpid stream,
 Shunning the noontide beam;
 Revels in shady bower,
 Enamour'd of leaf and flower.
 Deep in the, etc.

Off with the lark I soar,
 Where stars their radiance pour—
 Where the sunbeams rise,
 In the Eastern skies.
 But, ah, no more I rove,
 Chained by the tyrant, love—
 My sportive days are o'er,
 I weep—and I adore.
 Deep in the, etc.

THE IVY GREEN.

By Charles Dickens.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old;
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lonely and cold;
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone de-
 cayed,
 To please his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have
 made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.
 Fast he stealth on, though he wears no
 wings,
 And a staunch old head hath he,
 How closely he twineth—how tightly he
 clings
 To his friend, the hugo oak tree!
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves
 As he joyously hugs, and crawlth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where grim death hath been,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.
 Whole ages have fled and works decay'd,
 And nations have scatter'd been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten on the past,
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping, etc.

ALAS! THOSE CHIMES SO SWEETLY PEALING.

Sung by Miss Poole. Published by Cramer & Co
 Regent Street.

ALAS, those chimes, so sweetly pealing,
 Gently dulcet to the ear,
 Sound like pity's voice, revealing
 To the dying "death is near,"
 Still he slumbers how serenely,
 Not a sigh disturbs his rest,
 Oh, that angels now might waft him
 To the mansions of the blest.

DEAR CHLOE, GIVE ME SWEET KISSES.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then, prithee, dear Chloe, be kind,
 For, since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confined.
 Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tamps are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And, when that so many you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the man who can number his kisses
 Will always with few be content.

LURK THROUGH THE DARK WOOD.

LURK through the dark wood, where the
 screech-owl cries,
 Lurk through the dark wood secure from
 mortal eyes;
 When wolves they howl,
 When out we prowl.
 On the benighted traveller dart,
 And fix our poniards in his heart.
 Vain are his cries—he dies! he dies!—
 When the nightly spot is won,
 When the feast of blood is done,
 Then to our cave we gay return,
 And laugh, and drink, and sing till morn.
 Plunder's our boast.
 Huzza!
 Plunder's our boast.
 Huzza!

THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

Music at Waller & Son's, Soho Square.

WHEN the breeze is softly singing,
Over the deep blue sea,
And the vesper bell is ringing,
I'll steal away to thee,
From a world, whose iron chain
Sits heavy on my soul,
From many a weary pain
Beyond my weak control.
When the breeze, etc.

Away to the shining waters,
Rippling over the land—
Away to the rocks of coral,
Along the moonlit sand.
The glow of health will meet us
On the sweet evening air,
The sparkling waves will greet us
With a murmur'ing welcome there.
When the breeze, etc.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Composed and sung by Mr. H. Russell. Published
in the "Musical Treasury."

THIS book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations passed
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hands this Bible clasped:
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the ev'ning prayer,
And speak of what this volume said
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's word to hear,
Her angel face; I see it yet.
What thronging memories come.
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor, my guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
From me this book could buy;
For teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

AND HOME I CAME MERRY AT LAST.

Sorrow's a sniv'ling boy
Corporal Care's a bore,
I'm for General Joy.
His is a light-hearted corps.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Gaily my knapsack I slung,
Marching where bullets flew fast,
As loud as they whistled I sung,
And home I came merry at last.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

I'VE A LAY FOR EVERY CLIME.

Poetry by Renton Nicholson. Music by Alex. Lea.
Sung by Mrs. Ballinger at Nicholson's Tableaux
Vivans, Bow-street.

I've a lay for every clime,
To wait over land and wave—
A touch for the harp sublime,
A song for the fair and brave;
Yes! my magical presence breathes
Alike over savage and sage;
To my music the conqueror's wreaths
Are scattered in every age.
I've a lay for every clime, &c.

To my witching note, the maid
Hath waked the muse of the bard;
And many a swain hath been laid
By its force in the cold churchyard.
If you ask me the mystical lay,
Which over Creation can rove,
Dispensing a bloom or decay,
I answer, 'The magic is—Love!'
I've a lay for every clime, &c.

WE'RE TOLD THAT AN ISLAND OF SYREN'S ONCE GREW.

Poetry by Renton Nicholson. Music by Hodson.
Sung by Mr. Melvin at Nicholson's Tableaux
Vivans, Bow-street.

We are told that an island of Syrens once
grew
On a rock, braving storms in the midst of
the wave,
Where the magnet of music the mariner
drew
To a desolate land or a watery grave.
But Orpheus of old, near that ill-fated
shore,
Woke the string of his lyre in mystical lay,
And as its sweet numbers his fingers ran
o'er,
He charmed the island and syrens away.

THE PILOT.

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.

Go down! the Sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah, Pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might:

It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night, the sea engulfed
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;

And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

NINE CHEERS FOR THE GIRLS WE LOVE.

Bright, bright are the beams of the morning
sky,

And sweet dew the red blossoms sip,
But brighter the glances of dear woman's
eye,

And sweet is the dew on her lip.
Her mouth is the fountain of rapture,
The source from whence purity flows;
Ah, who would not taste of its magic,
As the honey-bee sips from the rose.

Then the toast, then the toast be, 'Dear
Woman!'

Let each breast that is manly, approve:
Then the toast, then the toast be, 'Dear
Woman!'

And nine cheers for the girls we love.
Hip! hip! hurrah! &c.

Come raise, raise the wine cup to heaven
high,

Ye gods on Olympus approve?
The offering thus mellow'd by woman's
bright eye,

Out-rivals the nectar of Jove!
Drain, drain the goblet with transport,
The spell of life's best joys impart!

The cup thus devoted to woman,
Yields the only true joy of the heart!
Then the toast, &c.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger
and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of the mischief she's
dreaming.

Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,

Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in her dimple,

And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who hath ruled in the green wood long,
Here' health and renown to his broad green
crown,

And his fifty arms so strong:
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes
down,

And the fire in the west fades out,
And he sheweth his might, on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches
shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with cold,
Had brighten'd his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens
sweet,

To gather the dew of May;
And on that day to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains.
They are gone—they are dead—in the
church-yard laid,
But the tree it still remains.

Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas
chimes

Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage
small,

Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway—we all obey,

And a ruthless king is he,
But he never shall send our ancient friend,
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's, &c.

ALL'S WELL.

Duet.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless doom
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his nightly round;

And, should a footstep hapless stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
'Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell,'
'A friend—the word—Good night, all's well,
Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear,
'What cheer, ho! brother; quickly tell,
'Above—below—good night; all's well.

THE TRUE HEARTED FELLOW.

With my pipe in one hand, and my jug in
the other,
I drink to my neighbours and friend,
All my cares in a whiff of tobacco I
smother,
For life I know must shortly end.
And while Ceres most kindly refills my
brown jug,
With good liquor I'll make myself
mellow;
In an old wicker chair I'll seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.
I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of
the nation,
I've enough of my own for to mind,
For the cares of this life are but grief and
vexation,
To death we must all be consigned;
Then I'll laugh, drink and smoke, and leave
nothing to pay,
But drop like a pear that is mellow,
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them
to say,
He's gone! what a good hearted fellow!

YOU DON'T EXACTLY SUIT ME.

Published by Munro and May, High Holborn.
A YOUTH to me a wooing came,
For pity did implore me,
And hoped I ne'er could slight or blame
The lad that must adore me.
I liked him much, but hid my plan,
To see how he'd repute me,
So, frowning cried, "Don't tease, young
man—
You don't exactly suit me."
He seem'd confounded, vex'd—he stared—
Then vow'd he'd ne'er deceive me;
Says I, "your presence can be spared.
Sir, If you please, do leave me."
"To leave you, love, I never can,
I swear by all your beauty;"
"Now pray," says I, "Don't tease young
man—
You don't exactly suit me."
He started, sigh'd, hung down his head,

Which prov'd I'd fairly caught him;
"Oh haste, my love, to church," he said.
You see to what I'd brought him;
"Dear sir," say I, "if that's my fate,
To wed's a woman's duty;"
Let's fly, or we shall be too late,
You now exactly suit me."

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

To Britain's glorious wall of oak,
Fill high the patriot glass;
To all who spurn oppression's yoke,
Round let the goblet pass:
And lo! when freedom's flag appears
Queen of the subject seas;
The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
O'er many a scene of purple war,
From India's cocoa bowers:
Has victory's banner beam'd afar,
From Saragossa's towers!
For least when her proud flag she rears,
High o'er the subject seas;
The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.

THE PHANTOM CANOE.

Poetry by Renton Nicholson. Music by Hodgson.
Sung by the Original Female American Serenaders.
Published by D'Almaine and Co., Sello Square.

On the lake by the woodland, when the pale
moon is shining,
A phantom girl paddles a phantom canoe;
Oh, why did she list to that dandy's de-
signing,
And why did he fail to be constant and
true?
Oh! list, maidens, list to this sad tale,
And then poor Womba's fate bewail:—List
list.

He was chief of his kindred, his arrow was
fame,
There was might in his forehead, there
was death in his aim;
He courted a maid in her beauty and pride,
In war and in wigwam she watched by
his side.
Oh! list, maidens, &c.
He left her and wedded a princess so fair,
The yellor' girl madden'd wild havoc was
there;
In her frenzy she plunged her fond bosom
so true,
In the lake where the phantom now guides
the canoe.

Oh! weep, maidens, &c.

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING. And I dreamt that one of the noble host,

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa, la, etc.

The spring clad in all gladness,
Doth laugh at winter's sadness,
Fa, la, etc.

Each with his bonny lass,
A dancing on the grass,
Fa, la, etc.

And to the bagpipes' sound,
The nymphs tread out their ground,
Fa, la, etc.

BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

Published by Hime and Son, Liverpool.

HEY the bonny, O the bonny,
Hey the bonny breast-knots;
Blythe and merry were they a'
When they put on the breast-knots,
There was a bridal in our town,
And till't the lasses a' were boun,
Wi' mangle facings a' their gowns,
And some o' them had breast-knots.
Singing, hey the bonny, etc.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green
Wi' shining buckles i' their sheen,
And flowers upon their waistcoats,
Out cam the wives a' wi' applause;
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they o' her claes
Especially the breast-knots;
The bride was young, the bride was fair
Wi' faultless form an' graceful air,
Her looks they were yond a' compare
When she put on the breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonny, O the bonny
Hey the bonny breast-knots,
Blythe and merry were they a'
When they put on the breast-knots.

I DREAMT OF MARBLE HALLS.

Published by Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond street.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride,
I had riches too great to count—could
boast

Of a high ancestral name;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you lov'd me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors besought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could with-
stand
That they pledged their faith to me,

Came forth my hand to claim;
Yet I also dreamt which charmed me most,
That you lov'd me still the same.

I PASS'D THE POOR MAN'S DOOR.

A favorite ballad by Peter Flint.

Am. "Gentle Mother Dear."

I pass'd into the poor man's home,

And misery was there,

The poor man knelt by his dying child;

And breathed to heaven a prayer.

Clasp'd to the mother's milkless breast,

Mild fearful accents wild:

Death came and sealed the soft blue eyes

Of the poor man's starving child.

The poor man's starving child, &c.

With tears she laid the dying babe

Upon its ragged bed;

She kissed the cold sweat from its brow,

Its spirit now is fled.

To the glorious land of liberty,

Where tyrants ne'er defiled;

There God hath taken to his rest,

The poor man's starving child.

The poor man's starving child, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Paul Bedford, in "Clarissa, or the Merchant's Daughter."

Who so happy as we, boys,

Life for us gives all its joys—

And, to my poor thinking,

Its joys are all in drinking.

For good wine's a jolly soul,

Fill, fill up your glasses,

Toast and kiss the lasses,

Hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, huzza!

Bumpers, lads—blaze away.

The miser he lives by crying—

The lover fondly sighing—

A fig for all their dying,

Good drink there's no denying

Is a hearty jolly soul,

Fill, fill up your glasses,

Toast and kiss the lasses,

Hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, huzza!

Bumpers, lads—blaze away.

Sweet beauty fond caressing,

Their cherry lips now pressing,

Transports fill the soul;

Yet all these joys confessing,

Still give me the rosy bowl.

Fill, fill up your glasses,

Toast and kiss the lasses,

Hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, huzza!

Bumpers, lads—blaze away.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

30

And, should a footstep hapless stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
'Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell,'
'A friend—the word—Good night, all's well.
Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear,
'What cheer, ho! brother, quickly tell,
'Above—below—good night; all's well.

THE TRUE HEARTED FELLOW.

With my pipe in one hand, and my jug in the other,

I drink to my neighbours and friend,
All my cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,

For life I know must shortly end.
And while Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,

With good liquor I'll make myself mellow;

In an old wicker chair I'll seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,

I've enough of my own for to mind,
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation.

To death we must all be consigned;
Then I'll laugh, drink and smoke, and leave nothing to pay,

But drop like a pear that is mellow,
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,

He's gone! what a good hearted fellow!

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You don't exactly suit me."

He seem'd confounded, vex'd—he stared—

Then vow'd he'd ne'er deceive me;

Says I, "your presence can be spared.

Sir, If you please, do leave me."

"To leave you, love, I never can,

I swear by all your beauty;"

"Now pray," says I, "Don't tease young man—

You don't exactly suit me."

He started, sigh'd, hung down his head,

Which prov'd I'd fairly caught him;
"Oh haste, my love, to church," he said.
You see to what I'd brought him.
"Dear sir," say I, "if that's my fate,
To wed's a woman's duty;"
Let's fly, or we shall be too late,
You now exactly suit me."

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

To Britain's glorious wall of oak,

Fill high the patriot glass;

To all who spurn oppression's yoke,

Round let the goblet pass:

And lo! when freedom's flag appears

Queen of the subject seas;

The flag that braved a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze!

O'er many a scene of purple war,

From India's cocoa bowers:

Has victory's banner beam'd afar,

From Saragossa's towers!

For least when her proud flag she rears,

High o'er the subject seas;

The flag that braved a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze.

THE PHANTOM CANOE.

Poetry by Renton Nicholson. Music by Hodson.
Sung by the Original Female American Serenaders.
Published by D'Almaine and Co., Solo Square.

On the lake by the woodland, when the pale moon is shining,

A phantom girl paddles a phantom canoe;

Oh, why did she list to that darky's designing,

And why did he fail to be constant and true?

Oh! list, maidens, list to this sad tale,

And then poor Womba's fate bewail.—List list.

He was chief of his kindred, his arrow was fame,

There was might in his forehead, there was death in his aim;

He courted a maid in her beauty and pride,

In war and in wigwam she watched by his side.

Oh! list, maidens, &c.

He left her and wedded a princess so fair.

The yellor girl madden'd wild havoc was there;

In her frenzy she plunged her fond bosom so true,

In the lake where the phantom now guides the canoe.

Oh! weep, maidens, &c.

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING. And I dreamt that one of the noble host,

Now is the month of maying,

When merry lads are playing,

Fa, la, etc.

The spring clad in all gladness,

Doth laugh at winter's sadness,

Fa, la, etc.

Each with his bonny lass,

A dancing on the grass,

Fa, la, etc.

And to the bagpipes' sound;

The nymphs tread out their ground,

Fa, la, etc.

BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

Published by Hime and Son, Liverpool.

HEY the bonny, O the bonny,

HEY the bonny breast-knots;

Blythe and merry were they a'

When they put on the breast-knots.

There was a bridal in our town,

And till't the lasses a' were boun,

Wi' mangle facings a' their gowns,

And some o' them had breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonny, etc.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,

Some clad in blue, some clad in green

Wi' shining buckles i' their sheen,

And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Out cam' the wives a' wi' applause;

And wish'd the lassie happy days,

And muckle thought they o' her claes

Especially the breast-knots;

The bride was young, the bride was fair

Wi' faultless form an' graceful air,

Her looks they were yond a' compare

When she put on the breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonny, O the bonny

HEY the bonny breast-knots.

Blythe and merry were they a'

When they put on the breast-knots.

I DREAMT OF MARBLE HALLS.

Published by Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond street.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,

With vassals and serfs at my side,

And of all who assembled within those walls

That I was the hope and the pride,

I had riches too great to count—could

boast

Of a high ancestral name;

And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,

That you lov'd me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors besought my hand,

That knights upon bended knee

And with vows no maiden heart could with-

stand,

That they pledged their faith to me,

Came forth my hand to claim;

Yet I also dreamt, which charmed me most,

That you lov'd me still the same.

I PASS'D THE POOR MAN'S DOOR.

A favourite ballad by Peter Flint.

Amo. "Gentle Mother Dear."

I pass'd into the poor man's home,

And misery was there,

The poor man knelt by his dying child;

And breathed to heaven a prayer,

Clasp'd to the mother's milkless breast,

And fearful accents wild:

Death came and sealed the soft blue eyes

Of the poor man's starving child.

The poor man's starving child, &c.

With tears she laid the dying babe

Upon its ragged bed;

She kissed the cold sweat from its brow,

Its spirit now is fled,

To the glorious land of liberty,

Where tyrants ne'er defiled;

There God hath taken to his rest,

The poor man's starving child.

The poor man's starving child, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Paul Bedford, in "Clarissa, or the Mer-
chant's Daughter."

Who so happy as we, boys,

Life for us gives all its joys—

And, to my poor thinking,

Its joys are all in drinking,

For good wine's a jolly soul.

Fill, fill up your glasses,

Toast and kiss the lasses,

Hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, huzza!

Bumpers, lads—blaze away.

The miser he lives by crying—

The lover fondly sighing—

A fig for all their dying,

Good drink there's no denying

Is a hearty jolly soul.

Fill, fill up your glasses,

Toast and kiss the lasses,

Hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, huzza!

Bumpers, lads—blaze away.

Sweet beauty fond caressing,

Their cherry lips now pressing,

Transports fill the soul;

Yet all these joys confessing,

Still give me the rosy bowl.

Fill, fill up your glasses,

Toast and kiss the lasses,

Hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, huzza!

Bumpers, lads—blaze away.

Works Published by W. H. Clark, Man in the Moon Office, 17, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row.

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